W. Hogarth inv.ᵗ

Ger Vander Gucht sculp.

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THE TRAGEDY OF *TRAGEDIES*; OR THE LIFE *and* DEATH OF TOM THUMB *the Great*.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in the *Hay-Market*.

With the ANNOTATIONS of

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

LONDON,

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M DCC XXXI.

BRITISH MUSEUM
26
57
AUG

H. Scriblerus Secundus;

HIS

PREFACE.

THE Town hath ſeldom been more divided in its Opinion, than concernining the Merit of the following Scenes. Whilſt ſome publickly affirmed, That no Author could produce ſo fine a Piece but Mr. *P*——, others have with as much Vehemence inſiſted, That no one could write any thing ſo bad, but Mr. *F*——.

Nor can we wonder at this Diſſention about its Merit, when the learned World have not unanimouſly decided even the very Nature of this Tragedy. For tho' moſt of the Univerſities in *Europe* have honoured it with the Name of *Egregium & maximi pretii opus, Tragœdiis tam antiquis quam novis longe anteponendum*; nay, Dr. *B*—— hath pronounced, *Citiùs Mævii Æneadem quam Scribleri iſtius Tragœdiam hanc crediderim, cujus Autorem Senecam ipſum tradidiſſe haud dubitârim*; and the great Profeſſor *Burman*, hath ſtiled *Tom Thumb*, *Heroum omnium Tragicorum facilè Principem*. Nay, tho' it hath, among other Languages, been tranſlated into *Dutch*, and celebrated with great Applauſe at *Amſterdam* (where Burleſque never came) by the Title of *Mynheer Vander Thumb*, the Burgomaſters receiving it with that reverent and ſilent Attention, which becometh an Audience at a deep Tragedy: Notwithſtanding all this, there have not been wanting ſome who have repreſented theſe Scenes in a ludicrous Light; and Mr. *D*—— hath been heard to ſay, with ſome Concern, That he wondered a Tragical and Chriſtian Nation would permit a Repreſentation on its Theatre, ſo viſibly deſigned to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is Great and Solemn among us.

This learned Critick, and his Followers, were led into ſo great an Error, by that ſurreptitious and piratical Copy which ſtole laſt Year into the World; with what Injuſtice and Prejudice to our Author, I hope will be acknowledged by every one who ſhall happily peruſe this genuine and original Copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great Praiſe of our Author, that, however imperfect the former was, ſtill did even that faint Reſemblance of the true *Tom Thumb*, contain ſufficient Beauties

to give it a Run of upwards of Forty Nights, to the politeſt Audiences. But, notwithſtanding that Applauſe which it receiv'd from all the beſt Judges, it was as ſeverely cenſured by ſome few bad ones, and I believe, rather maliciouſly than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a Burleſque on the loftieſt Parts of Tragedy, and deſigned to baniſh what we generally call Fine Things, from the Stage.

Now, if I can ſet my Country right in an Affair of this Importance, I ſhall lightly eſteem any Labour which it may coſt. And this I the rather undertake, Firſt, as it is indeed in ſome meaſure incumbent on me to vindicate myſelf from that ſurreptitious Copy beforementioned, publiſhed by ſome ill-meaning People, under my Name: Secondly, as knowing my ſelf more capable of doing Juſtice to our Author, than any other Man, as I have given my ſelf more Pains to arrive at a thorough Underſtanding of this little Piece, having for ten Years together read nothing elſe; in which time, I think I may modeſtly preſume, with the help of my *Engliſh* Dictionary, to comprehend all the Meanings of every Word in it.

But ſhould any Error of my Pen awaken *Clariſſ. Bentleium* to enlighten the World with his Annotations on our Author, I ſhall not think that the leaſt Reward or Happineſs ariſing to me from theſe my Endeavours.

I ſhall wave at preſent, what hath cauſed ſuch Feuds in the learned World, Whether this Piece was originally written by *Shakeſpear*, tho' certainly That, were it true, muſt add a conſiderable Share to its Merit; eſpecially, with ſuch who are ſo generous as to buy and to commend what they never read, from an implicit Faith in the Author only: A Faith! which our Age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it ſuffice, that the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, or, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb*, was written in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. Nor can the Objection made by Mr. *D*—, That the Tragedy muſt then have been antecedent to the Hiſtory, have any Weight, when we conſider, That tho' the *Hiſtory of Tom Thumb*, printed by and for *Edward M*———*r*, at the Looking-Glaſs on *London-Bridge*, be of a later Date; ſtill muſt we ſuppoſe this Hiſtory to have been tranſcribed from ſome other, unleſs we ſuppoſe the Writer thereof to be inſpired: A Gift very faintly contended for by the Writers of our Age. As to this Hiſtory's not bearing the Stamp of Second, Third, or Fourth Edition, I ſee but little in that Objection; Editions being very uncertain Lights to judge of Books by: And perhaps Mr. *M*———*r* may have joined twenty Editions in one, as Mr. *C*—*l* hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other Argument, drawn from the little Care our Author hath taken to keep up to the Letter of the Hiſtory, carry

any

any greater Force. Are there not Inſtances of Plays, wherein the Hiſtory is ſo perverted, that we can know the Heroes whom they celebrate by no other Marks than their Names? Nay, do we not find the ſame Character placed by different Poets in ſuch different Lights, that we can diſcover not the leaſt Sameneſs, or even Likeneſs in the Features. The *Sophonisba* of *Mairet*, and of *Lee*, is a tender, paſſionate, amorous Miſtreſs of *Maſſiniſſa*; *Corneille*, and Mr. *Thomſon* give her no other Paſſion but the Love of her Country, and make her as cool in her Affection to *Maſſiniſſa*, as to *Syphax*. In the two latter, ſhe reſembles the Character of Queen *Elizabeth*; in the two former, ſhe is the Picture of *Mary* Queen of *Scotland*. In ſhort, the one *Sophonisba* is as different from the other, as the *Brutus* of *Voltaire*, is from the *Marius* Jun. of *Otway*; or as the *Minerva* is from the *Venus* of the Ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular Examination of the Tragedy before us. In which I ſhall treat ſeparately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And firſt of the

Fable; which I take to be the moſt ſimple imaginable; and, to uſe the Words of an eminent Author, 'One, regular, and uni-'form, not charged with a Multiplicity of Incidents, and yet 'affording ſeveral Revolutions of Fortune; by which the Paſ-'ſions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full Tumult 'of Emotion.'——Nor is the the *Action* of this Tragedy leſs great than uniform. The Spring of all, is the Love of *Tomb Thumb* for *Huncamunca*; which cauſeth the Quarrel between their Majeſties in the firſt Act; the Paſſion of Lord *Grizzle* in the Second; the Rebellion, Fall of Lord *Grizzle*, and *Glumdalca*, Devouring of *Tom Thumb* by the Cow, and that bloody Cataſtrophe, in the Third.

Nor is the *Moral* of this excellent Tragedy leſs noble than the *Fable*; it teaches theſe two inſtructive Leſſons, *viz.* That Human Happineſs is exceeding tranſient, and, That Death is the certain End of all Men; the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal End of *Tom Thumb*; the latter, by that of all the other Perſonages.

The *Characters* are, I think, ſufficiently deſcribed in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*; and I believe we ſhall find few Plays, where greater Care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preſerve in every Speech that Characteriſtical Mark which diſtinguiſhes them from each other. 'But (ſays Mr. *D*—) how well 'doth the Character of *Tom Thumb*, whom we muſt call the 'Hero of this Tragedy, if it hath any Hero, agree with the Pre-'cepts of *Ariſtotle*, who defineth *Tragedy to be the Imitation of 'a ſhort, but perfect Action, containing a juſt Greatneſs in it-'ſelf*, &c. What Greatneſs can be in a Fellow, whom Hiſtory

'relateth

'relateth to have been no higher than a Span?' This Gentleman ſeemeth to think, with Serjeant *Kite*, that the Greatneſs of a Man's Soul is in proportion to that of his Body, the contrary of which is affirmed by our *Engliſh* Phyſognominical Writers. Beſides, if I underſtand *Ariſtotle* right, he ſpeaketh only of the Greatneſs of the Action, and not of the Perſon.

As for the *Sentiments* and the *Diction*, which now only remain to be ſpoken to; I thought I could afford them no ſtronger Juſtification, than by producing parallel Paſſages out of the beſt of our *Engliſh* Writers. Whether this Sameneſs of Thought and Expreſſion which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an Agreement in their Way of Thinking; or whether they have borrowed from our Author, I leave the Reader to determine. I ſhall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our Author; That they are generally the moſt familiar which I have ever met with, and at the ſame time delivered with the higheſt Dignity of Phraſe; which brings me to ſpeak of his *Diction*.—Here I ſhall only beg one Poſtulatum, *viz.* That the greateſt Perfection of the Language of a Tragedy is, that it is not to be underſtood; which granted (as I think it muſt be) it will neceſſarily follow, that the only ways to avoid this, is by being too high or too low for the Underſtanding, which will comprehend every thing within its Reach. Thoſe two Extremities of Stile Mr. *Dryden* illuſtrates by the familiar Image of two Inns, which I ſhall term the Aerial and the Subterreſtrial.

Horace goeth farther, and ſheweth when it is proper to call at one of theſe Inns, and when at the other;

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit Ampullas & Seſquipedalia Verba.

That he approveth of the *Seſquipedalia Verba*, is plain; for had not *Telephus & Peleus* uſed this ſort of Diction in Proſperity, they could not have dropt it in Adverſity. The Aerial Inn, therefore (ſays *Horace*) is proper only to be frequented by Princes and other great Men, in the higheſt Affluence of Fortune; the Subterreſtrial is appointed for the Entertainment of the poorer ſort of People only, whom *Horace* adviſes,

——— *dolere Sermone pedeſtri.*

The true Meaning of both which Citations is, That Bombaſt is the proper Language for Joy, and Doggrel for Grief, the latter of which is literally imply'd in the *Sermo pedeſtris*, as the former is in the *Seſquipedalia Verba*.

Cicero recommendeth the former of theſe. *Quid eſt tam furioſum vel tragicum quàm verborum ſonitus inanis, nullâ ſubjectâ Sententiâ neque Scientiâ.* What can be ſo proper for Tragedy as a Set of big ſounding Words, ſo contrived together, as to convey no Meaning; which I ſhall one Day or other prove to be

be the Sublime of *Longinus*. *Ovid* declareth abſolutely for the latter Inn:

Omne genus ſcripti Gravitate Tragœdia vincit.

Tragedy hath of all Writings the greateſt Share in the *Bathos*, which is the Profound of *Scriblerus*.

I ſhall not preſume to determine which of theſe two Stiles be properer for Tragedy. ——— It ſufficeth, that our Author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within ſight through the whole Play, either riſing higher than the Eye of your Underſtanding can ſoar, or ſinking lower than it careth to ſtoop. But here it may perhaps be obſerved, that I have given more frequent Inſtances of Authors who have imitated him in the Sublime, than in the contrary. To which I anſwer, Firſt, Bombaſt being properly a Redundancy of Genius, Inſtances of this Nature occur in Poets whoſe Names do more Honour to our Author, than the Writers in the Doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty Way of Thinking. Inſtances whereof are moſt frequently to be found in Authors of a lower Claſs. Secondly, That the Works of ſuch Authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard Task to read them, in order to extract theſe Flowers from them. And Laſtly, It is very often difficult to tranſplant them at all; they being like ſome Flowers of a very nice Nature, which will flouriſh in no Soil but their own: For it is eaſy to tranſcribe a Thought, but not the Want of one. The *Earl of Eſſex*, for Inſtance, is a little Garden of choice Rarities, whence you can ſcarce tranſplant one Line ſo as to preſerve its original Beauty. This muſt account to the Reader for his miſſing the Names of ſeveral of his Acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their Works; for which, if I have not a juſt Eſteem, I can at leaſt ſay with *Cicero*, *Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim.* However, that the Reader may meet with due Satisfaction in this Point, I have a young Commentator from the Univerſity, who is reading over all the modern Tragedies, at Five Shillings a Dozen, and collecting all that they have ſtole from our Author, which ſhall ſhortly be added as an Appendix to this Work.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King *Arthur*, A paſſionate ſort of King, Huſband to Queen *Dollallolla*, of whom he ſtands a little in Fear; Father to *Huncamunca*, whom he is very fond of; and in Love with *Glumdalca*.	Mr. *Mullart.*
Tom Thumb the Great, A little Hero with a great Soul, ſomething violent in his Temper, which is a little abated by his Love for *Huncamunca*.	Young *Verhuyck.*
Ghoſt of *Gaffar Thumb*, A whimſical ſort of Ghoſt.	Mr. *Lucy.*
Lord *Grizzle*, Extremely zealous for the Liberty of the Subject, very cholerick in his Temper, and in Love with *Huncamunca*.	Mr. *Jones.*
Merlin, A Conjurer, and in ſome ſort Father to *Tom Thumb*.	Mr. *Hallam.*
Noodle, Courtiers in Place, and conſequently	Mr. *Reynolds*,
Doodle, of that Party that is uppermoſt.	Mr. *Wathan.*
Foodle, A Courtier that is out of Place, and conſequently of that Party that is undermoſt.	Mr. *Ayres.*
Bailiff, and *Follower*, Of the Party of the Plaintiff.	Mr. *Peterſon*, Mr. *Hicks.*
Parſon, Of the Side of the Church.	Mr. *Watſon.*

WOMEN.

Queen *Dollallolla*, Wife to King *Arthur*, and Mother to *Huncamunca*, a Woman entirely faultleſs, ſaving that ſhe is a little given to Drink; a little too much a *Virago* towards her Husband, and in Love with *Tom Thumb*.	Mrs. *Mullart.*
The Princeſs *Huncamunca*, Daughter to their Majeſties King *Arthur* and Queen *Dollallolla*, of a very ſweet, gentle, and amorous Diſpoſition, equally in Love with Lord *Grizzle* and *Tom Thumb*, and deſirous to be married to them both.	Mrs. *Jones.*
Glumdalca, of the Giants, a Captive Queen, belov'd by the King, but in Love with *Tom Thumb*.	Mrs. *Dove.*
Cleora, Maids of Honour, in Love with *Noodle.*	
Muſtacha, Maids of Honour, in Love with *Doodle.*	

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE *the Court of King* Arthur, *and a Plain thereabouts.*

TOM THUMB *the Great.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Doodle, Noodle.

DOODLE.

SURE, ſuch a (*a*) Day as this was never ſeen!
The Sun himſelf, on this auſpicious Day,
Shines, like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:

That

(*a*) *Corneille* recommends ſome very remarkable Day, wherein to fix the Action of a Tragedy. This the beſt of our Tragical Writers have underſtood to mean a Day remarkable for the Serenity of the Sky, or what we generally call a fine Summer's Day: So that according to this their Expoſition, the ſame Months are proper for Tragedy, which are proper for Paſtoral. Moſt of our celebrated *Engliſh* Tragedies, as *Cato*, *Mariamne*, *Tamerlane*, &c. begin with their Obſervations on the Morning. *Lee* ſeems to have come the neareſt to this beautiful Deſcription of our Authors;

The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimſon,
The Flowers all odorous ſeem, the Garden Birds

This down the Seams embroider'd, that the Beams.
All Nature wears one univerſal Grin.
Nood. This Day, O Mr. *Doodle*, is a Day
Indeed, (*b*) a Day we never ſaw before.
The mighty (*c*) *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,
(*d*) Giants! to whom the Giants in *Guild-hall*
Are

Sing louder, and the laughing *Sun aſcends,*
The gaudy Earth with an unuſual brightneſs,
All Nature ſmiles. Cæſ. Borg.

Maſſiniſſa in the new *Sophoniſba* is alſo a Favourite of the Sun;

——— *The Sun too ſeems*
As conſcious of my Joy with broader Eye
To look abroad the World, and all things ſmile
Like Sophoniſba.

Memnon in the *Perſian Princeſs*, makes the Sun decline riſing, that he may not peep on Objects, which would prophane his Brightneſs.

——— *The Morning riſes ſlow,*
And all thoſe ruddy Streaks that us'd to paint
The Days Approach, are loſt in Clouds as if
The Horrors of the Night had ſent 'em back,
To warn the Sun, he ſhould not leave the Sea,
To Peep, &c.

(*b*) This Line is highly conformable to the beautiful Simplicity of the Antients. It hath been copied by almoſt every Modern,

Not to be is not to be in Woe. State of Innocence.
Love is not Sin but where 'tis ſinful Love. Don Sebaſtian.
Nature is Nature, Lælius. Sophoniſba.
Men are but Men, we did not make our ſelves. Revenge.

(*c*) Dr. *B*——*y* reads the mighty Tall-maſt Thumb. Mr. *D*——*s* the mighty Thumping Thumb. Mr. *T*——*d* reads Thundering. I think *Thomas* more agreeable to the great Simplicity ſo apparent in our Author.

(*d*) That learned Hiſtorian Mr. *S*——*n* in the third Number of his Criticiſm on our Author, takes great Pains to explode this

Are Infant Dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While *Thumb* regardleſs of their Noiſe rides on.
So ſome Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

Dood. When Goody *Thumb* firſt brought this *Thomas* forth,
The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd;
Then, then, Oh *Arthur!* did thy *Genius* reign.

Nood. They tell me it is (*e*) whiſper'd in the Books Of

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this Paſſage. It is, ſays he, difficult to gueſs what Giants are here meant, unleſs the Giant *Deſpair* in the *Pilgrim's Progreſs*, or the Giant *Greatneſs* in the *Royal Villain*; for I have heard of no other ſort of Giants in the Reign of King *Arthur*. *Petrus Burmannus* makes three *Tom Thumbs*, one whereof he ſuppoſes to have been the ſame Perſon whom the *Greeks* called *Hercules*, and that by theſe Giants are to be underſtood the *Centaurs* ſlain by that Heroe. Another *Tom Thumb* he contends to have been no other than the *Hermes Triſmegiſtus* of the Antients. The third *Tom Thumb* he places under the Reign of King *Arthur*, to which third *Tom Thumb*, ſays he, the Actions of the other two were attributed. Now tho' I know that this Opinion is ſupported by an Aſſertion of *Juſtus Lipſius*, *Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam Herculem fuiſſe ſatis conſtat*; yet ſhall I venture to oppoſe one Line of Mr. *Midwinter*, againſt them all,

In Arthur's *Court* Tom Thumb *did live.*

But then, ſays Dr. *B*——*y*, if we place *Tom Thumb* in the Court of King *Arthur*, it will be proper to place that Court out of *Britain*, where no Giants were ever heard of. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, is of another Opinion, where deſcribing *Albion* he ſays,

——— *Far within a ſalvage Nation dwelt*
Of hideous Giants.

And in the ſame Canto,

Then Elfar, *who two Brethren Giants had,*
The one of which had two Heads ——
The other three.

Riſum teneatis, Amici.

(*e*) To Whiſper in Books ſays Mr. *D*——*s* is errant Nonſenſe. I am afraid this learned Man does not ſufficiently underſtand

Of all our Sages, that this mighty Hero
By *Merlin*'s Art begot, hath not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Griſtle.

Dood. Then 'tis a Griſtle of no mortal kind,
Some God, my *Noodle*, ſtept into the Place
Of Gaffer *Thumb*, and more than (*f*) half begot,
This mighty *Tom*.

Nood. ——— (*g*) Sure he was ſent Expreſs
From Heav'n, to be the Pillar of our State.
Tho' ſmall his Body be, ſo very ſmall,
A Chairman's Leg is more than twice as large;
Yet is his Soul like any Mountain big,
And as a Mountain once brought forth a Mouſe,
(*h*) So doth this Mouſe contain a mighty Mountain.

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derſtand the extenſive meaning of the Word Whiſper. If he had rightly underſtood what is meant by the *Senſes Whiſp'ring the Soul* in the *Perſian Princeſs*, or what *Whiſp'ring like Winds* is in *Aurengzebe*, or like Thunder in another Author, he would have underſtood this. *Emmeline* in *Dryden* ſees a Voice, but ſhe was born blind, which is an Excuſe *Panthea* cannot plead in *Cyrus*, who hears a ſight.

——— *Your Deſcription will ſurpaſs,*
All Fiction, Painting, or dumb Shew of Horror,
That ever Ears yet heard, or Eyes beheld.

When Mr. *D* ——*s* underſtands theſe he will underſtand Whiſp'ring in Books.

(*f*) — *Some Ruffian ſtept into his Father's Place,*
And more than half begot him. *Mary Q. of Scots.*

(*g*) — *For* Ulamar *ſeems* ſent Expreſs from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian *Clime.* Liberty Aſſerted.

(*h*) *Omne majus continet in ſe minus, ſed minus non in ſe majus continere poteſt*, ſays *Scaliger* in *Thumbo*. — I ſuppoſe he would have cavilled at theſe beautiful Lines in the Earl of *Eſſex*;

——— *Thy moſt inveterate Soul,*
That looks through the foul Priſon of thy Body.

And at thoſe of *Dryden*,

The Palace is without too well deſign'd,
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind. Aurengzebe

Dood.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his Name,
(*i*) The Giant Nurſes frighten Children with it;
And cry *Tom Thumb* is come, and if you are
Naughty, will ſurely take the Child away.

Nood. But hark! (*k*) theſe Trumpets ſpeak the King's Approach.

Dood. He comes moſt luckily for my Petition.

Flouriſh.

SCENE II.

King, Queen, Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle.

King. (*l*) Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear,
The Man who frowns this Day ſhall loſe his Head,
That he may have no Face to frown withal.
Smile, *Dollalolla* —— Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow,
(*m*) Hangs, ſits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted Brow?

(*i*) Mr. *Banks* hath copied this almoſt Verbatim,

It was enough to ſay, here's Eſſex *come,*
And Nurſes ſtill'd their Children with the fright. E. of *Eſſex.*

(*k*) The Trumpet in a Tragedy is generally as much as to ſay enter King: Which makes Mr. *Banks* in one of his Plays call it the Trumpet's formal Sound.

(*l*) *Phraortes* in the *Captives* ſeems to have been acquainted with King *Arthur.*

Proclaim a Feſtival for ſeven Days ſpace,
Let the Court ſhine in all its Pomp and Luſtre,
Let all our Streets reſound with Shouts of Joy;
Let Muſick's Care-diſpelling Voice be heard,
The ſumptuous Banquet, and the flowing Goblet
Shall warm the Cheek, and fill the Heart with Gladneſs.
Aſtarbe *ſhall ſit Miſtreſs of the Feaſt.*

(*m*) *Repentance* frowns *on thy contracted Brow.* Sophonisba.
Hung on his clouded Brow, I mark'd Deſpair. Ibid.
——— *A ſullen Gloom,*
Scowls on his Brow. Buſiris.

Whence flow thoſe Tears faſt down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a ſwoln Gutter, guſhing through the Streets?

Queen. (*n*) Exceſs of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks ſay,
Gives Tears as certain as Exceſs of Grief.

King. If it be ſo, let all Men cry for Joy,
(*o*) 'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;
Nay, till they overflow my utmoſt Land,
And leave me Nothing but the Sea to rule.

(*n*) *Plato* is of this Opinion, and ſo is Mr. *Banks*;
Behold theſe Tears ſprung from freſh Pain and Joy. E. of *Eſſex.*

(*o*) Theſe Floods are very frequent in the Tragick Authors.
Near to ſome murmuring Brook I'll lay me down,
Whoſe Waters if they ſhould too ſhallow flow,
My Tears ſhall ſwell them up till I will drown.
Lee's Sophonisba.

Pouring forth Tears at ſuch a laviſh Rate,
That were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.
Mithridates.

One Author changes the Waters of Grief to thoſe of Joy,
——— *Theſe Tears that ſprung from Tides of Grief,*
Are now augmented to a Flood of Joy. Cyrus the Great.

Another,
Turns all the Streams *of Hate, and makes them flow*
In Pity's Channel. Royal Villain.

One drowns himſelf,
——— *Pity like a Torrent* pours *me down,*
Now I am drowning all within a Deluge. Anna Bullen.

Cyrus drowns the whole World,
Our ſwellin Grief
Shall melt into a Deluge, and the World
Shall drown in Tears. Cyrus the Great.

Dead.

Dood. My Liege, I a Petition have here got.
King. Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other Hours be ſet apart for Buſineſs.
To-day it is our Pleaſure to be (*p*) drunk,
And this our Queen ſhall be as drunk as We.
Queen. (Tho' I already (*q*) half Seas over am)
If the capacious Goblet overflow
With *Arrack-Punch*——'fore *George!* I'll ſee it out;
Of *Rum*, and *Brandy*, I'll not taſte a Drop.
King. Tho' *Rack*, in *Punch*, Eight Shillings be a Quart,
And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than Six,
Rather than quarrel, you ſhall have your Will.
[*Trumpets.*
But, ha! the Warrior comes; the Great *Tom Thumb*,
The little Hero, Giant-killing Boy,
Preſerver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

(*p*) An Expreſſion vaſtly beneath the Dignity of Tragedy, ſays Mr. *D*——*s*, yet we find the Word he cavils at in the Mouth of *Mithridates* leſs properly uſed and applied to a more terrible Idea;

I would be drunk with Death. Mithrid.

The Author of the New *Sophonisba* taketh hold of this Monoſyllable, and uſes it pretty much to the ſame purpoſe,

The Carthaginian *Sword with* Roman *Blood*
Was drunk.

I would ask Mr. *D*——*s* which gives him the beſt Idea, a drunken King, or a drunken Sword?
Mr. *Tate* dreſſes up King *Arthur*'s Reſolution in Heroicks,

Merry, my Lord, o'th' Captain's Humour right,
I am reſolv'd to be dead drunk to Night.

Lee alſo uſes this charming Word;

Love's the Drunkenneſs of the Mind. Gloriana.

(*q*) *Dryden* hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly,

I'm half Seas o'er in Death. Cleom.

SCENE III.

Tom Thumb, *to them with Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.*

King. (r) Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my Arms,
What Gratitude can thank away the Debt,
Your Valour lays upon me.

Queen. ——— (s) Oh! ye Gods! [*Aside.*

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,
(t) I've done my Duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a Godlike Creature seen! [*Aside.*

King. Thy Modesty's a (*) Candle to thy Merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.
But say, my Boy, where did'st thou leave the Giants?

Thumb. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,
The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like Nothing but Themselves.

Queen. (u) And sure thou art like nothing but thy Self.

King. Enough! the vast Idea fills my Soul. [*Aside.*
I see them, yes, I see them now before me.
The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores.

(r) This Figure is in great use among the Tragedians;

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis. Victim.
I long repent, repent and long again. Busiris.

(s) A Tragical Exclamation.

(t) This Line is copied verbatim in the *Captives*.

(*) We find a Candlestick for this Candle in two celebrated Authors;

——— *Each Star withdraws*
His golden Head and burns within the Socket. Nero.
A Soul grown old and sunk into the Socket. Sebastian.

(u) This Simile occurs very frequently among the Dramatick Writers of both Kinds.

But, Ha! what Form Majeſtick ſtrikes our Eyes?
(*x*) So perfect, that it ſeems to have been drawn
By all the Gods in Council: So fair ſhe is,
That ſurely at her Birth the Council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a Woman!
Thumb. Then were the Gods miſtaken.—She is not
A Woman, but a Gianteſs——whom we
(*y*) With much ado, have made a ſhift to hawl
Within the Town: (*z*) for ſhe is by a Foot,
Shorter than all her Subject Giants were.
Glum. We yeſterday were both a Queen and Wife,
One hundred thouſand Giants own'd our Sway,

(*x*) Mr. *Lee* hath ſtolen this Thought from our Author;

—— This perfect Face, drawn by the Gods in Council,
Which they were long a making. Lu. Jun. Brut.

—— At his Birth, the heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at laſt cry'd out, This is a Man!

Dryden hath improved this Hint to the utmoſt Perfection:

So perfect, that the very Gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit
Has mended our Deſign! Their Envy hindred,
Or you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heaven would work for Oſtentation ſake,
To copy out again. All for Love.

Banks prefers the Works of *Michael Angelo* to that of the Gods:

A Pattern for the Gods to make a Man by,
Or Michael Angelo *to form a Statue.*

(*y*) It is impoſſible ſays Mr. *W*—— ſufficiently to admire this natural eaſy Line.

(*z*) This Tragedy which in moſt Points reſembles the Antients differs from them in this, that it aſſigns the ſame Honour to Lowneſs of Stature, which they did to Height. The Gods and Heroes in *Homer* and *Virgil* are continually deſcribed higher by the Head than their Followers, the contrary of which is obſerv'd by our Author: In ſhort, to exceed on either ſide is equally admirable, and a Man of three Foot is as wonderful a ſight as a Man of nine.

Twenty

Twenty whereof were married to our ſelf.
Queen. Oh! happy State of Giantiſm —— where Husbands
Like Muſhrooms grow, whilſt hapleſs we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.
Glum. But then to loſe them all in one black Day,
That the ſame Sun, which riſing, ſaw me wife
To Twenty Giants, ſetting, ſhould behold
Me widow'd of them all.—— (*a*) My worn out Heart,
That Ship, leaks faſt, and the great heavy Lading,
My Soul, will quickly ſink.
Queen. ——Madam, believe,
I view your Sorrows with a Woman's Eye;
But learn to bear them with what Strength you may,
To-morrow we will have our Grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then ſhall choſe
What Husbands you think fit.
Glum. ——(*b*) Madam, I am
Your moſt obedient, and moſt humble Servant.
King. Think, mighty Princeſs, think this Court your own,
Nor think the Landlord me, this Houſe my Inn;
Call for whate'er you will, you'll Nothing pay.
(*c*) I feel a ſudden Pain within my Breaſt,
Nor

(*a*) *My Blood leaks faſt, and the great heavy lading*
My Soul will quickly ſink. Mithrid.
My Soul is like a Ship. Injur'd Love.

(*b*) This well-bred Line ſeems to be copied in the *Perſian Princeſs*;
To be your humbleſt, and moſt faithful Slave.

(*c*) This Doubt of the King puts me in mind of a Paſſage
Nor

Nor know I whether it ariſe from Love,
Or only the Wind-Cholick. Time muſt ſhew.
Oh *Thumb!* What do we to thy Valour owe?
Ask ſome Reward, great as we can beſtow.

Thumb. (*d*) I ask not Kingdoms, I can conquer thoſe,
I ask not Money, Money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For Giants ſlain, and Giants yet unborn,
Which I will ſlay —— if this be call'd a Debt,
Take my Receipt in full — I ask but this,
(*e*) To Sun my ſelf in *Huncamunca*'s Eyes.

King. Prodigious bold Requeſt. } [*Aſide.*
Queen. —(*f*) Be ſtill my Soul. }

Thumb. (*g*) My Heart is at the Threſhold of your Mouth,

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in the *Captives*, where the Noiſe of Feet is miſtaken for the Ruſtling of Leaves,

——— *Methinks I hear*
The ſound of Feet
No, 'twas the Wind that ſhook yon Cypreſs Boughs.

(*d*) Mr. *Dryden* ſeems to have had this Paſſage in his Eye in the firſt Page of *Love Triumphant.*

(*e*) *Don Carlos* in the Revenge ſuns himſelf in the Charms of his Miſtreſs,

While in the Luſtre of her Charms I lay.

(*f*) A Tragical Phraſe much in uſe

(*g*) This Speech hath been taken to pieces by ſeveral Tragical Authors who ſeem to have rifled it and ſhared its Beauties among them.

My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breaſt,
To raviſh from thy Lips the welcome News. Anna Bullen.
My Soul ſtands liſtning at my Ears. Cyrus the Great.
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart would bring,
But Reaſon overwinds and cracks the String. D. of Guiſe.
——— *I ſhould have lov'd,*
Tho' Jove *in* muttering *Thunder had forbid it.*
New Sophonisba.
And when it (my Heart) *wild reſolves to love no more,*
Then is the Triumph of exceſſive Love. Ibidem.

And

And waits its anſwer there — Oh! do not frown,
I've try'd, to Reaſon's Tune, to tune my Soul,
But Love did overwind and crack the String.
Tho' *Jove* in Thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,
I ſhould have lov'd her ſtill — for oh ſtrange fate,
Then when I lov'd her leaſt, I lov'd her moſt.

King. It is reſolv'd — the Princeſs is your own.

Thumb. (*b*) Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy *Thumb!*

Queen. Conſider, Sir, reward your Soldiers Merit,
But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb.*

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended Realm
Knows not a Name ſo glorious as *Tom Thumb.*
Let *Macedonia*, *Alexander* boaſt,
Let *Rome* her *Cæſar's* and her *Scipio's* ſhow,
Her Meſſieurs *France*, let *Holland* boaſt *Mynheers*,
Ireland her *O's*, her *Mac's* let *Scotland* boaſt,
Let *England* boaſt no other than *Tom Thumb.*

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boaſted Merit was,
He ſhall not have my Daughter, that is Poſ.

King. Ha! ſayſt thou *Dollalolla?*

Queen. ——— I ſay he ſhan't.

King. (*i*) Then by our Royal Self we ſwear you lye.

Queen. (*k*) Who but a Dog, who but a Dog,
Would uſe me as thou doſt. Me, who have lain

(*b*) *Maſſiniſſa* is one fourth leſs happy than *Tom Thumb.*
Oh! happy, happy, happy. New Sophonisba.
(*i*) *No by my ſelf.* Anna Bullen.
(*k*) ——— *Who caus'd,*
This dreadful Revolution in my Fate,
Ulamar. *Who but a Dog, who but a Dog,* Liberty Aſſerted.

(*l*) Theſe

(*l*) Theſe twenty Years ſo loving by thy Side.
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang my ſelf,
Then tremble all who did this Match perſuade,
(*m*) For riding on a Cat, from high I'll fall,
And ſquirt down Royal Vengeance on you all.

Food. (*n*) Her Majeſty the Queen is in a Paſſion.

King. (*o*) Be ſhe, or be ſhe not — I'll to the Girl
And pave thy Way, oh *Thumb* — Now, by our ſelf,
We were indeed a pretty King of Clouts,
To truckle to her Will — For when by Force
Or Art the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Petticoat, and her the Breeches.

Thumb. (*p*) Whiſper, ye Winds, that *Huncamunca*'s mine;
Echoes repeat, that *Huncamunca*'s mine!
The dreadful Buſ'neſs of the War is o'er,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns my Toils,
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aſide,
And *Hymenæal* Sweets invite my Bride.
So when ſome Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,
Hath through dark Paths purſu'd the ſooty Way,
At Night, to waſh his Hands and Face he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickduſt* lies.

(*l*) ——— ——— *A Bride,*
Who twenty Years lay loving by your Side. Banks.

(*m*) *For born upon a Cloud, from high I'll fall,*
And rain down Royal Vengeance on you all. Albion Queen.

(*n*) An Information very like this we have in the *Tragedy of Love*, where *Cyrus* having ſtormed in the moſt violent manner, *Cyaxares* obſerves very calmly,

Why, Nephew Cyrus — *you are mov'd.*

(*o*) *'Tis in your Choice,*
Love me, or love me not. Conqueſt of Granada.

(*p*) There is not one Beauty in this Charming Speech, but hath been borrowed by almoſt every Tragick Writer.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Grizzle *ſolus.*

(q) Where art thou *Grizzle?* where are now thy Glories?
Where are the Drums that waken'd thee to Honour?
Greatneſs is a lac'd Coat from *Monmouth-Street,*
Which Fortune lends us for a Day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's Back.
The ſpiteful Sun but yeſterday ſurvey'd
His Rival, high as Saint *Paul*'s Cupola;
Now may he ſee me as *Fleet-Ditch* laid low

SCENE V.

Queen, Grizzle.

Queen. (r) Teach me to ſcold, prodigious-minded *Grizzle.*
Mountain of Treaſon, ugly as the Devil,
Teach this confounded hateful Mouth of mine,
To ſpout forth Words malicious as thy ſelf,
Words, which might ſhame all *Billingsgate* to ſpeak.

Griz. Far be it from my Pride, to think my Tongue
Your Royal Lips can in that Art inſtruct,
Wherein you ſo excel. But may I ask,
Without Offence, wherefore my Queen would ſcold?

Queen. Wherefore, Oh! Blood and Thunder! han't you heard
(What ev'ry Corner of the Court reſounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.

Griz. I heard it, I confeſs—for who, alas!

(q) Mr. *Banks* has (I wiſh I could not ſay too ſervilely) imitated this of *Grizzle* in his *Earl of Eſſex.*

Where art thou Eſſex, *&c.*

(r) The Counteſs of *Nottingham* in the *Earl of Eſſex* is apparently acquainted with *Dallalolla.*

(s) Can

(s) Can always ſtop his Ears—but wou'd my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had firſt been ſet on Edge.

Queen. Would I had heard at the ſtill Noon of Night,
The Hallaloo of Fire in every Street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang my ſelf,
To think I ſhou'd a Grandmother be made
By ſuch a Raskal.——Sure the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Baſtard, by a Tinker, on a Stile
Was drop'd.——O, good Lord *Grizzle!* can I bear
To ſee him from a Pudding, mount the Throne?
Or can, Oh can! my *Huncamunca* bear,
To take a Pudding's Offspring to her Arms?

Griz. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! ceaſe my Queen,
(t) Thy Voice like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my Brain.

Queen. Then rouſe thy Spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated Match.——

Griz. ——We will (u) not Fate it ſelf,
Should it conſpire with *Thomas Thumb*, ſhould cauſe it.
I'll ſwim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll riſe; I'll ruſh; I'll roar;
Fierce as the Man whom (x) ſmiling Dolphins bore,
From the Proſaick to Poetick Shore.

I'll

(s) *Grizzle* was not probably poſſeſſed of that Glew, of which Mr. *Banks* ſpeaks in his *Cyrus*.

I'll glew my Ears to ev'ry word.

(t) *Screech-Owls, dark Ravens and amphibious Monſters,*
Are ſcreaming in that Voice. Mary Q. of Scots.

(u) The Reader may ſee all the Beauties of this Speech in a late Ode called the *Naval Lyrick*.

(x) This Epithet to a Dolphin doth not give one ſo clear an Idea

I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet can we kill the Man that kill'd the Giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants firſt, and then he kill'd them,
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to the Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you ſeen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thouſand proper Giants?

Griz. (*y*) Indeed, I cannot poſitively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One.

Queen. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traitor, hie away;
By all my Stars! thou envieſt *Tom Thumb.*
Go, Sirrah! go, (*z*) hie away! hie! —— thou art,
A ſetting Dog be gone.

Griz.

Idea as were to be wiſhed, a ſmiling Fiſh ſeeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying Fiſh. Mr. *Dryden* is of Opinion, that ſmiling is the Property of Reaſon, and that no irrational Creature can ſmile.

Smiles not allowed to Beaſts from Reaſon move.

State of Innocence.

(*y*) Theſe Lines are written in the ſame Key with thoſe in the *Earl of Eſſex*;

Why ſayſt thou ſo, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou ſhalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in *Cyrus*;

The moſt heroick Mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern Tragedies.

(*z*) *Ariſtotle* in that excellent Work of his which is very juſtly ſtiled his Maſter-piece, earneſtly recommends uſing the Terms

Griz. Madam, I go.
Tom Thumb ſhall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd:
So, when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog ſmarts for what that Dog had done.

SCENE VI.

Queen *ſola.*

And whither ſhall I go? —— Alack-a-day!
I love *Tom Thumb* —— but muſt not tell him ſo;
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't —— I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb.*
(zz) Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb.*
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.

Terms of Art, however coarſe or even indecent they may be. Mr. *Tate* is of the ſame Opinion.

Bru. *Do not, like young Hawks, fetch a Courſe about,*
Your Game flies fair.

Fra. *Do not fear it.*
He anſwers you in your own *Hawking Phraſe.*
Injur'd Love.

I think theſe two great Authorities are ſufficient to juſtify *Dollalolla* in the uſe of the Phraſe —— *Hie away hie*; when in the ſame Line ſhe ſays ſhe is ſpeaking to a ſetting Dog.

(zz) We meet with ſuch another Pair of Scales in *Dryden's* King *Arthur.*

Arthur *and* Oſwald *and their different Fates,*
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heav'n.

Alſo in *Sebaſtian.*

This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales.

But hold! — perhaps I may be left a Widow:
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine;
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.
So, when ſome Wench to *Tothill-Bridewell's* ſent,
With beating Hemp, and Flogging ſhe's content:
She hopes in time to eaſe her preſent Pain,
At length is free, and walks the Streets again.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Street.*

Bailiff, Follower.

Bail. COME on, my truſty Follower, come on,
This Day diſcharge thy Duty, and at Night
A Double Mug of Beer, and Beer ſhall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this Way muſt *Noodle* paſs.

Follow. No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every Word
Inſpires my Soul with Virtue. —— Oh! I long
To meet the Enemy in the Street — and nab him;
To lay arreſting Hands upon his Back,
And drag him trembling to the Spunging-Houſe.

Bail. There, when I have him, I will ſpunge upon him.
(a) Oh! glorious Thought! by the Sun, Moon, and Stars,
I will enjoy it, tho it be in Thought!
Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.

Follow. Enjoy it then ſome other time, for now
Our Prey approaches.

Bail. Let us retire.

SCENE II.

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Truſt me my *Noodle*, I am wondrous ſick;

(a) Mr. *Rowe* is generally imagin'd to have taken ſome Hints from this Scene in his Character of *Bajazet*; but as he, of all the Tragick Writers, bears the leaſt Reſemblance to our Author in his Diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condeſcend to copy him in this Particular.

For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca*,
Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale;
For Oh! —— (*b*) but ſwear thou'l't keep it ever ſecret,
I will unfold a Tale will make thee ſtare.

Nood. I ſwear by lovely *Huncamunca*'s Charms.

Thumb. Then know —— (*c*) my Grand-mamma hath often ſaid,
Tom Thumb, beware of Marriage.

Nood. Sir, I bluſh
To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma;
Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?
Think of the Joy that will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breaſt diſſolv'd in Bliſs,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in every Kiſs.

Thumb. Oh! *Noodle*, thou haſt fir'd my eager Soul;
Spight of my Grandmother, ſhe ſhall be mine;
I'll hug, careſs, I'll eat her up with Love.
Whole Days, and Nights, and Years ſhall be too ſhort
For our Enjoyment, every Sun ſhall riſe
(*d*) Bluſhing, to ſee us in our Bed together.

(*b*) This Method of ſurprizing an Audience by raiſing their Expectation to the higheſt Pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practis'd with great Succeſs by moſt of our Tragical Authors.

(*c*) *Almeyda* in *Sebaſtian* is in the ſame Diſtreſs;

Sometimes methinks I hear the Groan of Ghoſts,
Thin hollow Sounds and lamentable Screams;
Then, like a dying Echo from afar,
My Mother's Voice that cries, wed not Almeyda
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, *Marriage is thy Crime.*

(*d*) As very well he may if he hath any Modeſty in him, ſays Mr. *D*——*s* The Author of *Buſiris*, is extremely zealous to prevent the Sun's bluſhing at any indecent Object; and therefore on all ſuch Occaſions he addreſſes himſelf to the Sun, and deſires him to keep out of the way.

Nood.

Nood. Oh Sir! this Purpoſe of your Soul purſue.
Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an Action againſt you.
Nood. At whoſe Suit is it?
Bail. At your Taylor's, Sir.
Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
And I arreſt you, Sir, at his Commands.
Thumb. Ha! Dogs! Arreſt my Friend before my Face!
Think you *Tom Thumb* will ſuffer this Diſgrace!
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
Tom Thumb ſhall ſhew his Anger by his Sword.
[*Kills the Bailiff and his Follower.*
Bail. Oh, I am ſlain!
Follow. I am murthered alſo,
And to the Shades, the diſmal Shades below,
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.
Nood. (*e*) Go then to Hell, like Raſcals as you are,
And give our Service to the Bailiffs there.
Thumb. Thus periſh all the Bailiffs in the Land,
Till Debtors at Noon-Day ſhall walk the Streets,
And no one fear a Bailiff or his Writ.

Riſe never more, O Sun! let Night prevail,
Eternal Darkneſs cloſe the World's wide Scene. Buſiris.
Sun hide thy Face and put the World in Mourning. Ibid.

Mr. *Banks* makes the Sun perform the Office of *Hymen*; and therefore not likely to be diſguſted at ſuch a Sight;

The Sun ſets forth like a gay Brideman with you.
Mary Q. of Scots.

(*e*) *Nourmahal* ſends the ſame Meſſage to Heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us, to our Friends above.
Aurengzebe.

We find another to Hell, in the *Perſian* Princeſs;

Villain, get thee down
To Hell, and tell them that the Frays begun.

SCENE III.

The Princeſs Huncamunca's *Apartment.*

Huncamunca, Cleora, Muſtacha.

Hunc. (*f*) Give me ſome Muſick —— ſee that it be ſad.

Cleora *ſings.*

Cupid, *eaſe a Love-ſick Maid,*
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain;
Beauty ſhould never ſigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleaſing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow thro' his Heart;
When One you wound, you then deſtroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.

Hunc. (*g*) O, *Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb?*
Why had'ſt thou not been born of Royal Race?
Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?
Or elſe the King of *Brentford, Old* or *New?*

Muſt. I am ſurpriz'd that your Highneſs can give your ſelf a Moment's Uneaſineſs about that little inſignificant Fellow, (*h*) *Tom Thumb the Great* — One properer for a Play-thing, than a Husband. —— Were he my Husband, his Horns ſhould be as long as his Body. —

(*f*) *Anthony* gives the ſame Command in the ſame Words.

(*g*) Oh! *Marius, Marius*; wherefore art thou *Marius*?
Otway's Marius.

(*h*) Nothing is more common than theſe ſeeming Contradictions; ſuch as,

Haughty Weakneſs. Victim.
Great ſmall World. Noah's Flood.

If

If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I ſhould not have wonder'd at it — If you had fallen in Love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

Hunc. Ceaſe, my *Muſtacha*, on thy Duty ceaſe:
The *Zephyr*, when in flowry Vales it plays,
Is not ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet as *Thummy's* Breath.
The Dove is not ſo gentle to its Mate.

Muſt. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband —— Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court looks ſo little like a Man — He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Subſtance, and almoſt without Shadow too.

Hunc. This Rudeneſs is unſeaſonable, deſiſt;
Or, I ſhall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuſe, unleſs they love him.

Muſt. Madam, the King.

SCENE IV.

King Huncamunca.

King. Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.

[*Ex.* Cleora, *and* Muſtacha.

Daughter, I have obſerv'd of late ſome Grief,
Unuſual in your Countenance —— your Eyes,
(*i*) That, like two open Windows, us'd to ſhew
The lovely Beauty of the Rooms within,
Have now two Blinds before them —— What is the Cauſe?

(*i*) *Lee* hath improv'd this Metaphor.

Doſt thou not view Joy peeping from my Eyes,
The Caſements open'd wide to gaze on thee;
So Rome's *glad Citizens to Windows riſe,*
When they ſome young Triumpher fain would ſee.

Gloriana.

Say, have you not enough of Meat and Drink?
We've giv'n ſtrict Orders not to have you ſtinted.

Hunc. Alas! my Lord, I value not my ſelf,
That once I eat two Fowls and half a Pig;
(*k*) Small is that Praiſe; but oh! a Maid may want,
What ſhe can neither eat nor drink.

King. What's that?

Hunc. (*l*) O ſpare my Bluſhes; but I mean a Husband.

King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whoſe warlike Sword

(*k*) *Almahide* hath the ſame Contempt for theſe Appetites;

To eat and drink can no Perfection be.

Conqueſt of Granada.

The Earl of *Eſſex* is of a different Opinion, and ſeems to place the chief Happineſs of a General therein.

Were but Commanders half ſo well rewarded,
Then they might eat.

Banks's Earl of Eſſex.

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the Devil himſelf; we ſhall find Eating to be an Affair of more moment than is generally imagined.

Gods are immortal only by their Food.

Lucifer in the State of Innocence.

(*l*) This Expreſſion is enough of it ſelf (ſays Mr. *D*——*s*) utterly to deſtroy the Character of *Huncamunca*; yet we find a Woman of no abandon'd Character in *Dryden*, adventuring farther and thus excuſing her ſelf;

To ſpeak our Wiſhes firſt, forbid it Pride,
Forbid it Modeſty: True, they forbid it,
But Nature does not, when we are athirſt,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature ſtay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on.

Cleomenes.

Caſſandra ſpeaks before ſhe is asked. *Huncamunca* afterwards.
Caſſandra ſpeaks her Wiſhes to her Lover.
Huncamunca *only to her Father.*

Stream

Streams with the yellow Blood of ſlaughter'd Giants.
Whoſe Name in *Terrâ Incognitâ* is known,
Whoſe Valour, Wiſdom, Virtue make a Noiſe,
Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies.

Hunc. Whom does my Royal Father mean?

King. *Tom Thumb.*

Hunc. Is it poſſible?

King. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
(*m*) A Country Dance of Joy is in your Face,
Your Eyes ſpit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.

Hunc. O, there's a Magick-muſick in that Sound,
Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.
Yes, I will own, ſince licens'd by your Word,
I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cauſe of all my Grief.
For him I've ſigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

King. Oh! thou ſhalt gnaw thy tender Sheets no more,
A Husband thou ſhalt have to mumble now.

Hunc. Oh! happy Sound! henceforth, let no one tell,
That *Huncamunca* ſhall lead Apes in Hell.
Oh! I am over-joy'd!

King. I ſee thou art.
(*n*) Joy lightens in thy Eyes, and thunders from thy Brows;
Tranſports, like Lightning, dart along thy Soul,
As Small-ſhot thro' a Hedge.

(*m*) *Her Eyes reſiſtleſs Magick bear,*
Angels I ſee, and Gods are dancing there.
Lee's Sophonisba.

(*n*) Mr. *Dennis* in that excellent Tragedy, call'd *Liberty Aſſerted*, which is thought to have given ſo great a Stroke to the late *French* King, hath frequent Imitations of this beautiful Speech of King *Arthur*;

Conqueſt light'ning in his Eyes, and thund'ring in his Arm.
Joy lighten'd in her Eyes.
Joys like Light'ning dart along my Soul.
Hunc.

Hunc. Oh! ſay not ſmall.

King. This happy News ſhall on our Tongue ride Poſt,
Our ſelf will bear the happy News to *Thumb.*
Yet think not, Daughter, that your powerful Charms
Muſt ſtill detain the Hero from his Arms;
Various his Duty, various his Delight;
Now is his Turn to kiſs, and now to fight;
And now to kiſs again. So, mighty (o) *Jove,*
When with exceſſive thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down to Earth, and takes a Bit — and then,
Flies to his Trade of Thund'ring, back again.

SCENE V.

Grizzle, Huncamunca.

(p) *Griz.* Oh! *Huncamunca, Huncamunca,* oh,
Thy pouting Breaſts, like Kettle-Drums of Braſs,
Beat everlaſting loud Alarms of Joy;
As bright as Braſs they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh *Huncamunca, Huncamunca!* oh!

Hunc. Ha! do'ſt thou know me, Princeſs as I am,
* That thus of me you dare to make your Game.

(o) Jove *with exceſſive Thund'ring tir'd above,*
Comes down for Eaſe, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to Thund'ring goes again.
Gloriana.

(p) This beautiful Line, which ought, ſays Mr. *W* —— to be written in Gold, is imitated in the New *Sophonisba*;

Oh! *Sophonisba, Sophonisba,* oh!
Oh! *Narva, Narva,* oh!

The Author of a Song call'd Duke upon Duke, hath improv'd it.

Alas! O Nick, *O* Nick, *alas!*

Where, by the help of a little falſe Spelling, you have two Meanings in the repeated Words.

* *Edith,* in the *Bloody Brother,* ſpeaks to her Lover in the ſame familiar Language.

Your Grace is full of Game.
Griz.

Griz. Oh *Huncamunca*, well I know that you
A Princeſs are, and a King's Daughter too.
But Love no Meanneſs ſcorns, no Grandeur fears,
Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,
And bids the ſturdy Porter come up Stairs.
For what's too high for Love, or what's too low?
Oh *Huncamunca*, *Huncamunca*, oh!

Hunc. But granting all you ſay of Love were true,
My Love, alas! is to another due!
In vain to me, a Suitoring you come;
For I'm already promis'd to *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. And can my Princeſs ſuch a Durgen wed,
One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed!
Adviſ'd by me, the worthleſs Baby ſhun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy Arms and never flinch,
Who am a Man by *Jupiter* ev'ry Inch.
(q) Then while in Joys together loſt we lie
I'll preſs thy Soul while Gods ſtand wiſhing by.

Hunc. If, Sir, what you inſinuate you prove
All Obſtacles of Promiſe you remove;
For all Engagements to a Man muſt fall,
Whene'er that Man is prov'd no Man at all.

Griz. Oh let him ſeek ſome Dwarf, ſome fairy Miſs,
Where no Joint-ſtool muſt lift him to the Kiſs.
But by the Stars and Glory, you appear
Much fitter for a *Pruſſian* Grenadier;
One Globe alone, on *Atlas* Shoulders reſts,
Two Globes are leſs than *Huncamunca*'s Breaſts:
The Milky-way is not ſo white, that's flat,
And ſure thy Breaſts are full as large as that.

(q) *Traverſe the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,*
Born on a Cloud in view of Fate I'll lie,
And preſs her Soul while Gods ſtand wiſhing by. Hannibal.

Hunc.

Hunc. Oh, Sir, ſo ſtrong your Eloquence I find,
It is impoſſible to be unkind.

Griz. Ah! ſpeak that o'er again, and let the (*r*) Sound
From one Pole to another Pole rebound;
The Earth and Sky, each be a Battledoor
And keep the Sound, that Shuttlecock, up an Hour;
To *Doctors Commons*, for a Licenſe I,
Swift as an Arrow from a Bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh no! leſt ſome Diſaſter we ſhould meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.

Griz. Forbid it, all ye Powers, a Princeſs ſhould
By that vile Place, contaminate her Blood;
My quick Return ſhall to my Charmer prove,
I travel on the (*s*) Poſt-Horſes of Love.

Hunc. Thoſe Poſt-Horſes to me will ſeem too ſlow,
Tho' they ſhould fly ſwift as the Gods, when they
Ride on behind that Poſt-Boy, Opportunity.

SCENE VI.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Thumb. Where is my Princeſs, where's my *Huncamunca*?
Where are thoſe Eyes, thoſe Cardmatches of Love,

(*r*) *Let the four Winds from diſtant Corners meet,*
And on their Wings firſt bear it into France;
Then back again to Edina's *proud Walls,*
Till Victim to the Sound th' aſpiring City falls.
Albion Queen.

(*s*) I do not remember any Metaphors ſo frequent in the Tragick Poets as thoſe borrow'd from Riding Poſt;
The Gods and Opportunity ride Poſt, Hannibal.
——— *Let's ruſh together,*
For Death rides Poſt.
Duke of Guiſe.
Deſtruction gallops to thy murther Poſt.
Gloriana.

That

That (*t*) Light up all with Love my waxen Soul?
Where is that Face which artful Nature made.
(*u*) In the ſame Moulds where *Venus* ſelf was caſt?

(*t*) This Image too very often occurs;

——— *Bright as when thy Eye*
'Firſt lighted up our Loves. Aurengzebe.
This not a Crown alone lights up my Name. Buſiris.

(*u*) There is great Diſſenſion among the Poets concerning the Method of making Man. One tells his Miſtreſs that the Mold ſhe was made in being loſt, Heaven cannot form ſuch another. *Lucifer*, in *Dryden*, gives a merry Deſcription of his own Formation;

Whom Heaven neglecting, made and ſcarce deſign'd,
But threw me in for Number to the reſt.
State of Innocency.

In one Place, the ſame Poet ſuppoſes Man to be made of Metal;

I was form'd
Of that coarſe Metal, which when ſhe was made,
The Gods threw by for Rubbiſh. All for Love.

In another, of Dough;

When the Gods moulded up the Paſte of Man,
Some of their Clay was left upon their Hands,
And ſo they made Egyptians. Cleomenes.

In another of Clay;

——— *Rubbiſh of remaining Clay.* Sebaſtian.

One makes the Soul of Wax;

Her waxen Soul begins to melt apace. Anna Bullen.

Another of Flint.

Sure our two Souls have ſomewhere been acquainted
In former Beings, or ſtruck out together,
One Spark to Africk *flew, and one to* Portugal.
Sebaſtian.

To omit the great Quantities of Iron, Brazen and Leaden Souls which are ſo plenty in modern Authors---I cannot omit the Dreſs of a Soul as we find it in *Dryden*;

Souls ſhirted but with Air. King Arthur.

Hunc.

Hunc. (*x*) Oh! What is Muſick to the Ear that's deaf,
Or a Gooſe-Pye to him that has no taſte?
What are theſe Praiſes now to me, ſince I
Am promis'd to another?

Thumb. Ha! promis'd.

Hunc. Too ſure; it's written in the Book of Fate.

Thumb. (*y*) Then I will tear away the Leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if Fate won't allow
So large a Gap within its Journal-Book,
I'll blot it out at leaſt.

SCENE VII.

Glumdalca, Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Glum. (*z*) I need not ask if you are *Huncamunca*,
Your Brandy Noſe proclaims——

Hunc. I am a Princeſs;

Nor can I paſs by a particular ſort of Soul in a particular ſort of Deſcription, in the New *Sophonisba*.

Ye myſterious Powers,
——Whether thro' your gloomy Depths I wander,
Or on the Mountains walk; give me the calm,
The ſteady ſmiling Soul, where Wiſdom ſheds
Eternal Sun-ſhine, and eternal Joy.

(*x*) This Line Mr. *Banks* has plunder'd entire in his *Anna Bullen*.

(*y*) *Good Heaven, the Book of Fate before me lay,*
But to tear out the Journal of that Day.
Or if the Order of the World below,
Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,
Give me that Minute when ſhe made her Vow.
Conqueſt of Granada.

(*z*) I know ſome of the Commentators have imagined, that Mr. *Dryden*, in the *Altercative* Scene between *Cleopatra* and *Octavia*, a Scene which Mr. *Addiſon* inveighs againſt with great Bitterneſs, is much beholden to our Author. How juſt this their Obſervation is, I will not preſume to determine.

Nor

Nor need I ask who you are.

Glum. A Gianteſs;
The Queen of thoſe who made and unmade Queens.

Hunc. The Man, whoſe chief Ambition is to be
My Sweetheart, hath deſtroy'd theſe mighty Giants.

Glum. Your Sweetheart? do'ſt thou think the Man, who once
Hath worn my eaſy Chains, will e'er wear thine?

Hunc. Well may your Chains be eaſy, ſince if Fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty Husbands.
(z) The Glove or Boot, ſo many times pull'd on,
May well ſit eaſy on the Hand or Foot.

Glum. I glory in the Number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this Face for one as bad as thine.

Hunc. Let me ſee nearer what this Beauty is,
That captivates the Heart of Men by Scores.
[*Holds a Candle to her Face.*
Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the Devil.

Glum. You'd give the beſt of Shoes within your Shop,
To be but half ſo handſome.

Hunc. — Since you come
(a) To that, I'll put my Beauty to the Teſt;
Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

Glum.

(z) A cobling Poet indeed, ſays Mr. *D.* and yet I believe we may find as monſtrous Images in the Tragick-Authors: I'll put down one;

Untie your folded Thoughts, and let them dangle looſe as a Bride's Hair. Injur'd Love.

Which Lines ſeem to have as much Title to a Milliner's Shop, as our Author's to a Shoemaker's.

(a) Mr. *L* — takes occaſion in this Place to commend the great Care of our Author to preſerve the Metre of Blank Verſe, in which *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon* and *Fletcher* were ſo notoriouſly negligent;

Glum. Oh! ſtay, *Tom Thumb*, and you alone ſhall fill
That Bed where twenty Giants us'd to lie.

Thumb. In the Balcony that o'er-hangs the Stage,
I've ſeen a Whore two 'Prentices engage;
One half a Crown does in in his Fingers hold,
The other ſhews a little Piece of Gold;
She the Half Guinea wiſely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baſer Coin.

Glum. Left, ſcorn'd, and loath'd for ſuch a Chit as this;
(*b*) I feel the Storm that's riſing in my Mind,
Tempeſts, and Whirlwinds riſe, and rowl and roar.
I'm all within a Hurricane, as if
(*c*) The World's four Winds were pent within my Carcaſs.
(*d*) Confuſion, Horror, Murder, Guts and Death.

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negligent; and the Moderns, in Imitation of our Author, ſo laudably obſervant;

——— Then does
Your Majeſty believe that he can be
A Traitor! Earl of Eſſex.

Every Page of *Sophonisba* gives us Inſtances of this Excellence.

(*b*) *Love mounts and rowls about my ſtormy Mind.* Aurengzebe.

Tempeſts and Whirlwinds thro' my Boſom move. Cleom.

(*c*) *With ſuch a furious Tempeſt on his Brow,*
As if the World's four Winds were pent within
His bluſtring Carcaſe. Anna Bullen.

(*d*) Verba Tragica.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

King Glumdalca.

King. * Sure never was ſo ſad a King as I,
(e) My Life is worn as ragged as a Coat
A Beggar wears; a Prince ſhould put it off,
(f) To love a Captive and a Gianteſs.
Oh Love! Oh Love! how great a King art thou!
My Tongue's thy Trumpet, and thou Trumpeteſt,
Unknown to me, within me. (g) oh *Glumdalca!*
Heaven thee deſign'd a Gianteſs to make,
But an Angelick Soul was ſhuffled in.
(h) I am a Multitude of Walking Griefs,
And only on her Lips the Balm is found,
(i) To ſpread a Plaiſter that might cure them all.
Glum. What do I hear?
King. What do I ſee?

---

* This Speech hath been terribly maul'd by the Poets.

(e) ——— *My Life is worn to Rags.*
Not worth a Prince's wearing.
Love Triumph.

(f) *Muſt I beg the Pity of my Slave?*
Muſt a King beg! But Love's a greater King,
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that poſſeſſes me.
He tunes the Organ of my Voice and ſpeaks,
Unknown to me, within me. Sebaſtian.

(g) *When thou wer't form'd, Heaven did a Man begin;*
But a Brute Soul by chance was ſhuffled in.
Aurengzebe.
——— *I am a Multitude.*

(h) *Of walking Griefs.*
New Sophonisba.

(i) *I will take thy Scorpion Blood,*
And lay it to my Grief till I have Eaſe.
Anna Bullen.

Glum. Oh!

King. Ah!

(*k*) *Glum.* Ah Wretched Queen!

King. Oh! Wretched King!

Glum. Ah!

King. Oh!

SCENE IX.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, Parſon.

Parſon. Happy's the Wooing, that's not long adoing;
For if I gueſs aright, *Tom Thumb* this Night
Shall give a Being to a New *Tom Thumb.*

Thumb. It ſhall be my Endeavour ſo to do.

Hunc. Oh! fie upon you, Sir, you make me bluſh.

(*k*) Our Author, who every where ſhews his great Penetration into human Nature, here outdoes himſelf: Where a leſs judicious Poet would have raiſed a long Scene of whining Love. He who underſtood the Paſſions better, and that ſo violent an Affection as this muſt be too big for Utterance, chooſes rather to ſend his Characters off in this ſullen and doleful manner: In which admirable Conduct he is imitated by the Author of the juſtly celebrated *Eurydice.* Dr. *Young* ſeems to point at this Violence of Paſſion;

——————*Paſſion ſhoaks*
Their Words, and they're the Statues of Deſpair.

And *Seneca* tells us, *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent.* The Story of the *Egyptian* King in *Herodotus* is too well known to need to be inſerted; I refer the more curious Reader to the excellent *Montagne,* who hath written an Eſſay on this Subject.

(*l*) *To part is Death* ——

——————*'Tis Death to part.*
——————*Ah.*
——————*Oh.*

Don Carlos.

Thumb.

Thumb. It is the Virgin's Sign, and ſuits you well:
(*m*) I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,
(*n*) I'm ſo tranſported, I have loſt my ſelf.

(*m*) *Nor know I whether.*
What am I, who or where, Buſiris.
I was I know not what, and am I know not how.
Gloriana.

(*n*) To underſtand ſufficiently the Beauty of this Paſſage, it will be neceſſary that we comprehend every Man to contain two Selfs. I ſhall not attempt to prove this from Philoſophy, which the Poets make ſo plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;

Let me demand your Majeſty?
Why fly you from your ſelf. Duke of Guiſe.

In a 2*d*. One Self is a Guardian to the other;

Leave me the Care of me.
Conqueſt of Granada.

Again, *My ſelf am to my ſelf leſs near.* Ibid.

In the ſame, the firſt Self is proud of the ſecond;

I my ſelf am proud of me.
State of Innocence.

In a 3*d*. Diſtruſtful of him;

Fain I would tell, but whiſper it in mine Ear,
That none beſides might hear, nay not my ſelf.
Earl of Eſſex

In a 4*th*. Honours him;

I honour Rome,
But honour too my ſelf. Sophonisba.

In a 5*th*. At Variance with him;

Leave me not thus at Variance with my ſelf. Buſiris.

Again, in a 6*th*. *I find my ſelf divided from my ſelf.*
Medea.

She ſeemed the ſad Effigies of her ſelf. Banks.

Aſſiſt me, Zulema, *if thou would'ſt be*
The Friend thou ſeemeſt, aſſiſt me againſt me.
Albion Queens.

From all which it appears, that there are two Selfs; and therefore *Tom Thumb*'s loſing himſelf is no ſuch Soleciſm as it hath been repreſented by Men, rather ambitious of Criticizing, than qualify'd to Criticize.

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye Stars, for you're ſo ſmall,
That were you loſt, you'd find your ſelf no more.
So the unhappy Sempſtreſs once, they ſay,
Her Needle in a Pottle, loſt, of Hay;
In vain ſhe look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan,
For ah, the Needle was for ever gone.

Parſon. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs*.
(*p*) So when the *Cheſhire* Cheeſe a Maggot breeds,
Another and another ſtill ſucceeds.
By thouſands, and ten thouſands they increaſe,
Till one continued Maggot fills the rotten Cheeſe.

SCENE X.

Noodle, *and then* Grizzle.

Nood. (*q*) Sure Nature means to break her ſolid Chain,
Or elſe unfix the World, and in a Rage,
To hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges;
All things are ſo confus'd, the King's in Love,
The Queen is drunk, the Princeſs married is.

Griz. Oh! *Noodle*, haſt thou *Huncamunca* ſeen?

Nood. I've ſeen a Thouſand Sights this day, where none

(*p*) Mr. *F*—— imagines this Parſon to have been a *Welſh* one from his Simile.

(*q*) Our Author hath been plunder'd here according to Cuſtom;

Great Nature break thy Chain *that links together,*
The Fabrick of the World and make a Chaos,
Like that within my Soul. Love Triumphant.

——— *Startle Nature, unfix the Globe,*
And hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges. Albion Queens.
The tott'ring Earth ſeems ſliding off its Props.

Are

Are by the wonderful Bitch herſelf outdone,
The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights.
Griz. (*r*) D—n your Delay, you Trifler, are you drunk, ha?
I will not hear one Word but *Huncamunca.*
Nood. By this time ſhe is married to *Tom Thumb.*
Griz. (*s*) My *Huncamunca.*
Nood. Your *Huncamunca.*
Tom Thumb's *Huncamunca*, every Man's *Huncamunca.*
Griz. If this be true all Womankind are damn'd:
Nood. If it be not, may I be ſo my ſelf.
Griz. See where ſhe comes! I'll not believe a Word
Againſt that Face, upon whoſe (*t*) ample Brow,
Sits Innocence with Majeſty Enthron'd.

Grizzle, Huncamunca.

Griz. Where has my *Huncamunca* been? See here
The Licence in my Hand!
Hunc. Alas! *Tom Thumb.*
Griz. Why doſt thou mention him?
Hunc. Ah! me *Tom Thumb.*
Griz. What means my lovely *Huncamunca*?
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Oh! Speak.
Hunc. Hum!
Griz. Ha! your every Word is Hum.
(*u*) You force me ſtill to anſwer you *Tom Thumb.*

(*r*) *D—n your delay, ye Torturers proceed,*
I will not hear one Word but Almahide. Conq. of Granada.
(*s*) Mr. *Dryden* hath imitated this in *All for Love.*
(*t*) This Miltonick Stile abounds in the New *Sophonisba.*
——— *And on her ample Brow*
Sat Majeſty.
(*u*) *Your ev'ry Anſwer, ſtill ſo ends in that,*
You force me ſtill to anſwer you Morat. Aurengzebe.

Tom Thumb, I'm on the Rack, I'm in a Flame,
(x) *Tom Thumb*, *Tom Thumb*, *Tom Thumb*, you love the Name;
So pleaſing is that Sound, that were you dumb
You ſtill would find a Voice to cry *Tom Thumb*.

Hunc. Oh! Be not haſty to proclaim my Doom,
My ample Heart for more than one has Room,
A Maid like me, Heaven form'd at leaſt for two,
(y) I married him, and now I'll marry you.

Griz. Ha! doſt thou own thy Falſhood to my Face?
Think'ſt thou that I will ſhare thy Husband's place,
Since to that Office one cannot ſuffice,
And ſince you ſcorn to dine one ſingle Diſh on,
Go, get your Husband put into Commiſſion,
Commiſſioners to diſcharge, (ye Gods) it fine is,
The duty of a Husband to your Highneſs;
Yet think not long, I will my Rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the ſlighted Willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding Tempeſt now confin'd,
Within the hollow Caverns of my Mind.
In dreadful Whirl, ſhall rowl along the Coaſts,
Shall thin the Land of all the Men it boaſts,
(z) And cram up ev'ry Chink of Hell with Ghoſts.

So

(x) Morat, Morat, Morat, *you love the Name*. Aurengzebe.

(y) Here is a Sentiment for the Virtuous *Huncamunca* (ſays Mr. *D——s*) and yet with the leave of this great Man, the Virtuous *Panthea* in *Cyrus*, hath an Heart every whit as Ample;

For two I muſt confeſs are Gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus *firſt, and thee.* Cyrus the Great.

Nor is the Lady in *Love Triumphant*; more reſerv'd, tho' not ſo intelligible;

——*I am ſo divided,*
That I grieve moſt for both, and love both moſt.

(z). A ridiculous Suppoſition to any one, who conſiders the great and extenſive Largeneſs of Hell, ſays a Commentator: But not

(*) So have I ſeen, in ſome dark Winter's Day,
A ſudden Storm ruſh down the Sky's High-Way,
Sweep thro' the Streets with terrible ding dong,
Guſh thro' the Spouts, and waſh whole Crowds along.
The crowded Shops, the thronging Vermin skreen,
Together cram the Dirty and the Clean,
And not one Shoe-Boy in the Street is ſeen.

Hunc. Oh! fatal Raſhneſs ſhould his Fury ſlay,
My hapleſs Bridegroom on his Wedding Day;
I, who this Morn, of two choſe which to wed,
May go again this Night alone to Bed;
(†) So have I ſeen ſome wild unſettled Fool,
Who had her Choice of this, and that Joint Stool;

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not ſo to thoſe who conſider the great Expanſion of immaterial Subſtance. Mr. *Bank* makes one Soul to be ſo expanded that Heaven could not contain it;

The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul. Virtue Betray'd.

The *Perſian Princeſs* hath a Paſſage not unlike the Author of this;

We will ſend ſuch Shoals of murther'd Slaves,
Shall glut Hell's empty Regions.

This threatens to fill Hell even tho' it were empty; Lord *Grizzle* only to fill up the Chinks, ſuppoſing the reſt already full.

(*) Mr. *Addiſon* is generally thought to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third Act of his *Cato*.

(†) This beautiful Simile is founded on a Proverb, which does Honour to the *Engliſh* Language;

Between two Stools the Breech falls to the Ground.

I am not ſo pleaſed with any written Remains of the Ancients, as with thoſe little Aphoriſms, which verbal Tradition hath delivered down to us, under the Title of Proverbs. It were to be wiſhed that inſtead of filling their Pages with the fabulous Theology of the Pagans, our modern Poets would think it worth their while to enrich their Works with the Proverbial Sayings of their Anceſtors. Mr. *Dryden* hath chronicl'd one in Heroick;

Two ifs ſcarce make one Poſſibility. Conqueſt of Granada.

To give the Preference to either, loath
And fondly coveting to ſit on both:
While the two Stools her Sitting Part confound,
Between 'em both fall Squat upon the Ground.

My Lord *Bacon* is of Opinion, that whatever is known of Arts and Sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of *Solomon*. I am of the ſame Opinion in relation to thoſe abovementionʼd: At leaſt I am confident that a more perfect Syſtem of Ethicks, as well as Oeconomy, might be compiled out of them, than is at preſent extant, either in the Works of the Antient Philoſophers, or thoſe more valuable, as more voluminous, ones of the modern Divines.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *King* Arthur's *Palace.*

(*a*) Ghoſt *ſolus.*

HAIL! ye black Horrors of Midnight's Midnoon!
Ye Fairies, Goblins, Bats and Screech-Owls, Hail!
And Oh! ye mortal Watchmen, whoſe hoarſe Throats
Th' Immortal Ghoſts dread Croakings counterfeit,
All Hail!—— Ye dancing Fantoms, who by Day,
Are ſome condemn'd to faſt, ſome feaſt in Fire;
Now play in Church-yards, skipping o'er the Graves,

(*a*) Of all the Particulars in which the modern Stage falls ſhort of the ancient, there is none ſo much to be lamented, as the great Scarcity of Ghoſts in the latter. Whence this proceeds, I will not preſume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the Moderns are unequal to that ſublime Language which a Ghoſt ought to ſpeak. One ſays ludicrouſly, That Ghoſts are out of Faſhion; another, That they are properer for Comedy; forgetting, I ſuppoſe, that *Ariſtotle* hath told us, That a Ghoſt is the Soul of Tragedy; for ſo I render the ψυχὴ ὁ μῦθος τραγῳδίας, which M. *Dacier*, amongſt others, hath miſtaken; I ſuppoſe miſ-led, by not underſtanding the *Fabula* of the *Latins*, which ſignifies a *Ghoſt* as well as a *Fable*.

——— *Te premet nox, fabulæque Manes.* Hor.

Of all the Ghoſts that have ever appeared on the Stage, a very learned and judicious foreign Critick, gives the Preference to this of our Author. Theſe are his Words, ſpeaking of this Tragedy;

——— *Neq; quidquam in illâ admirabilius quam Phaſma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis Spectris, quibuſcum ſcatet Anglorum Tragœdiâ, longè (pace D——iſii V. Doctiſſ. dixerim) prætulerim.*

To

To the (*b*) loud Muſick of the ſilent Bell,
All Hail!

SCENE II.

King, *and* Ghoſt.

King. What Noiſe is this? — What Villain dares,
At this dread Hour, with Feet and Voice prophane,
Diſturb our Royal Walls?

Ghoſt. One who defies
Thy empty Power to hurt him; (*c*) one who dares
Walk in thy Bed-Chamber.

King. Preſumptuous Slave!
Thou dieſt:

Ghoſt. Threaten others with that Word,
(*d*) I am a Ghoſt, and am already dead.

King. Ye Stars! 'tis well; were thy laſt Hour to come,

(*b*) We have already given Inſtances of this Figure.

(*c*) *Almanzor* reaſons in the ſame manner;

——————— A Ghoſt I'll be,
And from a Ghoſt, you know, no Place is free.

Conq. of *Granada.*

(*d*) *The Man who writ this wretched Pun* (ſays Mr. *D.*) *would have picked your Pocket:* Which he proceeds to ſhew, not only bad in it ſelf, but doubly ſo on ſo ſolemn an Occaſion. And yet in that excellent Play of *Liberty Aſſerted*, we find ſomething very much reſembling a Pun in the Mouth of a Miſtreſs, who is parting with the Lover ſhe is fond of;

Ul. *Oh, mortal Woe! one Kiſs, and then farewel.*
Irene. *The Gods have given to others to farewel.*
O miſerably muſt Irene *fair.*

Agamemnon, in the *Victim*, is full as facetious on the moſt ſolemn Occaſion, that of Sacrificing his Daughter;

Yes, Daughter, yes; you will aſſiſt the Prieſt;
Yes, you muſt offer up your —— Vows for Greece.

This

This Moment had been it; (*e*) yet by thy Shrowd
I'll pull thee backward, ſqueeze thee to a Bladder,
'Till thou doſt groan thy Nothingneſs away.
[*Ghoſt retires.*
Thou fly'ſt! 'Tis well.
(*f*) I thought what was the Courage of a Ghoſt!
Yet, dare not, on thy Life—— Why ſay I that,
Since Life thou haſt not?—— Dare not walk again,
Within theſe Walls, on pain of the *Red-Sea.*
For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,
As ſure, ſure as a Gun, I'll have thee laid —
Ghoſt. Were the *Red-Sea*, a Sea of *Holland*'s Gin,
The Liquor (when alive) whoſe very Smell
I did deteſt, did loath—— yet for the Sake
Of *Thomas Thumb*, I would be laid therein.
King. Ha! ſaid you?
Ghoſt. Yes, my Liege, I ſaid *Tom Thumb*,
Whoſe Father's Ghoſt I am—— once not unknown
To mighty *Arthur.* But, I ſee, 'tis true,
The deareſt Friend, when dead, we all forget.
King. 'Tis he, it is the honeſt Gaffer *Thumb.*
Oh! let me preſs thee in my eager Arms,
Thou beſt of Ghoſts! Thou ſomething more than Ghoſt!
Ghoſt. Would I were Something more, that we again

(*e*) *I'll pull thee backwards by thy Shrowd to Light,*
Or elſe, I'll ſqueeze thee, like a Bladder, there,
And make thee groan thy ſelf away to Air.
Conqueſt of *Granada.*
Snatch me, ye Gods, this Moment into Nothing.
Cyrus the Great.

(*f*) *So, art thou gone? Thou canſt no Conqueſt boaſt,*
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghoſt.
Conqueſt of *Granada.*
King *Arthur* ſeems to be as brave a Fellow as *Almanzor*, who ſays moſt heroically,
——— *In ſpight of Ghoſts, I'll on.*

But

Might feel each other in the warm Embrace.
But now I have th' Advantage of my King,
(g) For I feel thee, whilſt thou doſt not feel me.
King. But ſay, (h) thou deareſt Air, Oh! ſay, what Dread,
Important Buſineſs ſends thee back to Earth?
Ghoſt. Oh! then prepare to hear ——— which, but to hear,
Is full enough to ſend thy Spirit hence.
Thy Subjects up in Arms, by *Grizzle* led,
Will, ere the roſy finger'd Morn ſhall ope
The Shutters of the Sky, before the Gate
Of this thy Royal Palace, ſwarming ſpread:
(i) So have I ſeen the Bees in Cluſters ſwarm,
So have I ſeen the Stars in froſty Nights,
So have I ſeen the Sand in windy Days,
So have I ſeen the Ghoſts on *Pluto*'s Shore,
So have I ſeen the Flowers in Spring ariſe,
So have I ſeen the Leaves in *Autumn* fall,
So have I ſeen the Fruits in Summer ſmile,
So have I ſeen the Snow in Winter frown.
King. D—n all thou'ſt ſeen! — Doſt thou, beneath the Shape
Of Gaffer *Thumb*, come hither to abuſe me,
With Similies to keep me on the Rack?
Hence ——— or by all the Torments of thy Hell,

(g) The Ghoſt of *Lauſaria* in *Cyrus* is a plain Copy of this, and is therefore worth reading.

Ah, Cyrus!
Thou may'ſt as well graſp Water, or fleet Air,
As think of touching my immortal Shade. *Cyrus* the Great.

(h) *Thou better Part of heavenly Air.* Conqueſt of *Granada.*

(i) *A String of Similies* (ſays one) *proper to be hung up in the Cabinet of a Prince.*

(l) I'll

(*i*) I'll run thee thro' the Body, tho' thou'ſt none.
Ghoſt. Arthur, beware; I muſt this Moment hence,
Not frighted by your Voice, but by the Cocks;
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate;
For if thou'rt kill'd To-day,
To-morrow all thy Care will come too late.

SCENE III.

King *ſolus.*

King. Oh! ſtay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
And whilſt thou telleſt me what's like my Fate,
Oh, teach me how I may avert it too!
Curſt be the Man who firſt a Simile made!
Curſt, ev'ry Bard who writes! —— So have I ſeen
Thoſe whoſe Compariſons are juſt and true,
And thoſe who liken things not like at all.
The Devil is happy, that the whole Creation
Can furniſh out no Simile to his Fortune.

SCENE IV.

King, Queen.

Queen. What is the Cauſe, my *Arthur*, that you ſteal
Thus ſilently from *Dollallolla*'s Breaſt?
Why doſt thou leave me in the (*l*) Dark alone,

(*k*) This Paſſage hath been underſtood ſeveral different Ways by the Commentators. For my Part, I find it difficult to underſtand it at all. Mr. *Dryden* ſays,

I have heard ſomething how two Bodies meet,
But how two Souls join, I know not.

So that 'till the Body of a Spirit be better underſtood, it will be difficult to underſtand how it is poſſible to run him through it.

(*l*) *Cydaria* is of the ſame fearful Temper with *Dollallolla*;
I never durſt in Darkneſs be alone. Ind. Emp.

When

When well thou know'ſt I am afraid of Sprites?

King. Oh *Dollallolla!* do not blame my Love;
I hop'd the Fumes of laſt Night's Punch had laid
Thy lovely Eye-lids faſt. ——— But, Oh! I find
There is no Power in Drams, to quiet Wives;
Each Morn, as the returning Sun, they wake,
And ſhine upon their Husbands.

Queen. Think, Oh think!
What a Surprize it muſt be to the Sun,
Riſing, to find the vaniſh'd World away.
What leſs can be the wretched Wife's Surprize,
When, ſtretching out her Arms to fold thee faſt,
She folds her uſeleſs Bolſter in her Arms.
(*m*) Think, think on that —— Oh! think, think well on that.
I do remember alſo to have read
(*n*) In *Dryden*'s *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*,
That *Jove* in Form inanimate did lie
With beauteous *Danae*; and truſt me, Love,
(*o*) I fear'd the Bolſter might have been a *Jove*.

King. Come to my Arms, moſt virtuous of thy Sex;
Oh *Dollallolla!* were all Wives like thee,
So many Husbands never had worn Horns.
Should *Huncamunca* of thy Worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were bleſt. ——— Oh fatal Name!
For didſt thou know one Quarter what I know,

(*m*) *Think well of this, think that, think every way.*
Sophonisba.

(*n*) Theſe Quotations are more uſual in the Comick, than in the Tragick Writers.

(*o*) *This Diſtreſs* (ſays Mr. *D*——) *I muſt allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous Character of* Dollallolla, *who is ſo exceeding delicate, that ſhe is in the higheſt Apprehenſion from the inanimate Embrace of a Bolſter. An Example worthy of Imitation from all our Writers of Tragedy.*

Thou

Then would'ſt thou know — Alas! what thou would'ſt know!

Queen. What can I gather hence? Why doſt thou ſpeak
Like Men who carry *Raree-Shows* about,
Now you ſhall ſee, Gentlemen, what you ſhall ſee?
O tell me more, or thou haſt told too much.

SCENE V.

King, Queen, Noodle.

Noodle. Long Life attend your Majeſties ſerene,
Great *Arthur*, King, and *Dollallolla*, Queen!
Lord *Grizzle*, with a bold, rebellious Crowd,
Advances to the Palace, threat'ning loud,
Unleſs the Princeſs be deliver'd ſtraight,
And the victorious *Thumb*, without his Pate,
They are reſolv'd to batter down the Gate.

SCENE VI.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, Noodle.

King. See where the Princeſs comes! Where is *Tom Thumb*?

Hunc. Oh! Sir, about an Hour and half ago
He ſallied out to encounter with the Foe,
And ſwore, unleſs his Fate had him miſ-led,
From *Grizzle*'s Shoulders to cut off his Head,
And ſerve't up with your Chocolate in Bed.

King. 'Tis well, I find one Devil told us both.
Come, *Dollallolla*, *Huncamunca*, come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious *Thumb*;
In Peace and Safety we ſecure may ſtay,
While to his Arm we truſt the bloody Fray;

Tho'

Tho' Men and Giants ſhould conſpire with Gods,
(*p*) He is alone equal to all theſe Odds.

Queen. He is indeed, a (*q*) Helmet to us all,
While he ſupports, we need not fear to fall;
His Arm diſpatches all things to our Wiſh,
And ſerves up every Foe's Head in a Diſh.
Void is the Miſtreſs of the Houſe of Care,

(*p*) *Credat Judæus Appelles*
Non ego ——— (Says Mr. *D.*) —— *For, paſſing over the Abſurdity of being equal to Odds, can we poſſibly ſuppoſe a little inſignificant Fellow* —— *I ſay again, a little inſignificant Fellow able to vie with a Strength which all the* Sampſons *and* Hercules's *of Antiquity would be unable to encounter.*

I ſhall refer this incredulous Critick to Mr. *Dryden*'s Defence of his *Almanzor*; and leſt that ſhould not ſatisfy him, I ſhall quote a few Lines from the Speech of a much braver Fellow than *Almanzor*, Mr. *Johnſon*'s *Achilles*;

Tho' Human Race riſe in embattel'd Hoſts,
To force her from my Arms ——— *Oh! Son of* Atreus!
By that immortal Pow'r, whoſe deathleſs Spirit
Informs this Earth, I will oppoſe them all. Victim.

(*q*) *I have heard of being ſupported by a Staff* (ſays Mr. *D.*) *but never of being ſupported by an Helmet.* I believe he never heard of Sailing with Wings, which he may read in no leſs a Poet than Mr. *Dryden*;

Unleſs we borrow Wings, and ſail thro' Air.
Love Triumphant.

What will he ſay to a kneeling Valley?
——————— *I'll ſtand*
Like a ſafe Valley, that low bends the Knee,
To ſome aſpiring Mountain. Injur'd Love.

I am aſham'd of ſo ignorant a Carper, who doth not know that an Epithet in Tragedy is very often no other than an Expletive. Do not we read in the New *Sophonisba* of *grinding Chains*, *blue Plagues*, *white Occaſions*, and *blue Serenity*? Nay, 'tis not the Adjective only, but ſometimes half a Sentence is put by way of Expletive, as, *Beauty pointed high with Spirit*, in the ſame Play — and, *In the Lap of Bleſſing, to be moſt curſt.* In the Revenge.

While

While the good Cook preſents the Bill of Fare;
Whether the Cod, that Northern King of Fiſh,
Or Duck, or Gooſe, or Pig, adorn the Diſh;
No Fears the Number of her Gueſts afford,
But at her Hour ſhe ſees the Dinner on the Board.

SCENE VII. *a Plain.*

Lord Grizzle, Foodle, *and Rebels.*

Grizzle. Thus far our Arms with Victory are crown'd;
For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
(r) No Enemy to fight withal.
Foodle. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this Day,
(s) This Firſt of *April*, to engage our Foes.
Griz. This Day, of all the Days of th' Year, I'd chooſe,
For on this Day my Grandmother was born.
Gods! I will make *Tom Thumb* an *April* Fool;
(t) Will teach his Wit an Errand it ne'er knew,
And ſend it Poſt to the *Elyſian* Shades.
Food. I'm glad to find our Army is ſo ſtout,
Nor does it move my Wonder leſs than Joy.
Griz. (u) What Friends we have, and how we came ſo ſtrong,
I'll ſoftly tell you as we march along.

(r) A Victory like that of *Almanzor*.
Almanzor *is victorious without Fight.* Conq. of *Granada.*

(s) *Well have we choſe an happy Day for Fight,*
For every Man in courſe of Time has found,
Some Days are lucky, ſome unfortunate. K. *Arthur.*

(t) We read of ſuch another in *Lee*;
Teach his rude Wit a Flight ſhe never made,
And ſend her Poſt to the Elyſian *Shade.* Gloriana.

(u) Theſe Lines are copied *verbatim* in the *Indian Emperor.*

SCENE VIII.

Thunder and Lightning.

Tom Thumb, Glumdalca *cum ſuis.*

Thumb. Oh, *Noodle!* haſt thou ſeen a Day like this?
(*x*) The unborn Thunder rumbles o'er our Heads,
(*y*) As if the Gods meant to unhinge the World;
And Heaven and Earth in wild Confuſion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring Ball.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. What Voice is this I hear?

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou haſt no Cauſe to fear, I am thy Friend,
Merlin by Name, a Conjuror by Trade,
And to my Art thou doſt thy Being owe.

Thumb. How!

Merl. Hear then the myſtick Getting of *Tom Thumb.*

(*z*) *His Father was a Ploughman plain,*
His Mother milk'd the Cow;
And yet the way to get a Son,
This Couple knew not how.

(*x*) *Unborn Thunder rolling in a Cloud.* Conq. of *Gran.*

(*y*) *Were Heaven and Earth in wild Confuſion hurl'd,*
Should the raſh Gods unhinge the rolling World,
Undaunted, would I tread the tott'ring Ball,
Cruſh'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful Fall.
Female Warrior.

(*z*) See the Hiſtory of *Tom Thumb*, pag. 2.

Until

Until ſuch time the good old Man
To learned Merlin *goes,*
And there to him, in great Diſtreſs,
In ſecret manner ſhows;
How in his Heart he wiſh'd to have
A Child, in time to come,
To be his Heir, tho' it might be
No biger than his Thumb:
Of which old Merlin *was foretold,*
That he his Wiſh ſhould have;
And ſo a Son of Stature ſmall,
The Charmer to him gave.

Thou'ſt heard the paſt, look up and ſee the future.
Thumb. (*a*) Loſt in Amazement's Gulph, my Senſes ſink;
See there, *Glumdalca*, ſee another (*b*) Me!
Glum. O Sight of Horror! ſee, you are devour'd
By the expanded Jaws of a red Cow.
Merl. Let not theſe Sights deter thy noble Mind,
(*c*) For lo! a Sight more glorious courts thy Eyes;
See from a far a Theatre ariſe;
There, Ages yet unborn, ſhall Tribute pay
To the Heroick Actions of this Day:

(*a*) —— *Amazement ſwallows up my Senſe,*
And in th' impetuous Whirl of circling Fate,
Drinks down my Reaſon. *Perſ.* Princeſs.

(*b*) ——— *I have outfaced my ſelf,*
What! am I two? Is there another Me? K. *Arthur.*

(*c*) The Character of *Merlin* is wonderful throughout, but moſt ſo in this Prophetick Part. We find ſeveral of theſe Prophecies in the Tragick Authors, who frequently take this Opportunity to pay a Compliment to their Country, and ſometimes to their Prince. None but our Author (who ſeems to have deteſted the leaſt Appearance of Flattery) would have paſt by ſuch an Opportunity of being a Political Prophet.

Then Buſkin Tragedy at length ſhall chooſe
Thy Name the beſt Supporter of her Muſe.

Thumb. Enough, let every warlike Muſick ſound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

SCENE IX.

Lord Grizzle, Foodle, *Rebels, on one Side.* Tom Thumb, Glumdalca, *on the other.*

Food. At length the Enemy advances nigh,
(*d*) I hear them with my Ear, and ſee them with my Eye.

Griz. Draw all your Swords, for Liberty we fight,
(*e*) And Liberty the Muſtard is of Life.

Thumb. Are you the Man whom Men fam'd *Grizzle* name?

Griz. (*f*) Are you the much more fam'd *Tom Thumb?*

Thumb. The ſame.

Griz. Come on, our Worth upon our ſelves we'll prove,
For Liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for Love.

[*A bloody Engagement between the two Armies here, Drums beating, Trumpets ſounding, Thunder and Lightning.* —— *They fight off and on ſeveral times. Some fall.* Grizzle *and* Glumdalca *remain.*

(*d*) *I ſaw the Villain,* Myron, *with theſe Eyes I ſaw him.* Buſiris.

In both which Places it is intimated, that it is ſometimes poſſible to ſee with other Eyes than your own.

(*e*) *This Muſtard* (ſays Mr. *D.*) *is enough to turn one's Stomach: I would be glad to know what Idea the Author had in his Head when he wrote it.* This will be, I believe, beſt explained by a Line of Mr. *Dennis*;

And gave him Liberty, the Salt of Life. Liberty aſſerted.

The Underſtanding that can digeſt the one, will not riſe at the other.

(*f*) Han. *Are you the Chief, whom Men fam'd* Scipio *call?*
Scip. *Are you the much more famous* Hannibal? *Hannib.*

Glum.

Glum. Turn, Coward, turn, nor from a Woman fly.
Griz. Away —— thou art too ignoble for my Arm.
Glum. Have at thy Heart.
Griz. Nay then, I thruſt at thine.
Glum. You puſh too well, you've run me thro' the Guts,
And I am dead.
Griz. Then there's an End of One.
Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an End of Two,
(g) Villain.
Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Rebel!
Griz. Tom Thumb!
Thumb. Hell!
Griz. Huncamunca!
Thumb. Thou haſt it there.
Griz. Too ſure I feel it.
Thumb. To Hell then, like a Rebel as you are,
And give my Service to the Rebels there.
Griz. Triumph not, *Thumb*, nor think thou ſhalt enjoy
Thy *Huncamunca* undiſturb'd, I'll ſend
(*h*) My Ghoſt to fetch her to the other World;

It

(*g*) Dr. *Young* ſeems to have copied this Engagement in his *Buſiris:*

Myr. *Villain!*
Mem. Myron!
Myr. *Rebel!*
Mem. Myron!
Myr. *Hell!*
Mem. Mandane

(*h*) This laſt Speech of my Lord *Grizzle*, hath been of great Service to our Poets;

—— *I'll*

(*i*) It ſhall but bait at Heaven, and then return.
(*k*) But, ha! I feel Death rumbling in my Brains,
(*l*) Some kinder Spright knocks ſoftly at my Soul.
And gently whiſpers it to haſte away:
I come, I come, moſt willingly I come.
(*m*) So; when ſome City Wife, for Country Air,
To *Hampſtead*, or to *Highgate* does repair;
Her, to make haſte, her Husband does implore,
And cries, My Dear, *the Coach is at the Door.*
With equal Wiſh, deſirous to be gone,
She gets into the Coach, and then ſhe cries — *Drive on! Thumb.* With thoſe laſt Words (*n*) he vomited his Soul,
Which, (*o*) like whipt Cream, the Devil will ſwallow down.

——— *I'll hold it faſt*
As Life, and when Life's gone, I'll hold this laſt;
And if thou tak'ſt it from me when I'm ſlain,
I'll ſend my Ghoſt, and fetch it back again.
Conqueſt of *Granada.*

(*i*) *My Soul ſhould with ſuch Speed obey,*
It ſhould not bait at Heaven to ſtop its way.
Lee ſeems to have had this laſt in his Eye;
'Twas not my Purpoſe, Sir, to tarry there,
I would but go to Heaven to take the Air. Gloriana.

(*k*) *A riſing* Vapour rumbling *in my Brains.* Cleomenes.

(*l*) *Some kind Spright knocks ſoftly at my Soul,*
To tell me Fate's at Hand.

(*m*) Mr. *Dryden* ſeems to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he ſays,
My Soul is packing up, *and juſt on Wing.*
Conqueſt of *Granada.*

(*n*) *And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.* Cleomenes.

(*o*) *The Devil ſwallows vulgar Souls*
Like whipp'd Cream. Sebaſtian.

Bear

Bear off the Body, and cut off the Head,
Which I will to the King in Triumph lug;
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to Breakfaſt.

SCENE X.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, *and Courtiers.*

King. Open the Priſons, ſet the Wretched free,
And bid our Treaſurer diſburſe ſix Pounds
To pay their Debts. —— Let no one weep To-day.
Come, *Dollallolla*; (*p*) Curſe that odious Name!
It is ſo long, it asks an Hour to ſpeak it.
By Heavens! I'll change it into *Doll*, or *Loll*,
Or any other civil Monoſyllable
That will not tire my Tongue.—Come, ſit thee down,
Here ſeated, let us view the Dancer's Sports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the Wedding-Day
Of Princeſs *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*;
Tom Thum! who wins two Victories (*q*) To-day,
And this way marches, bearing *Grizzle*'s Head.
A Dance here.

Nood. Oh! monſtrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind, my Eyes!
Dumb be my Tongue! Feet lame! All Senſes loſt!

(*p*) *How I could curſe my Name of* Ptolemy!
It is ſo long, it asks an Hour to write it.
By Heav'n! I'll change it into Jove, *or* Mars,
Or any other civil Monoſyllable,
That will not tire my Hand. Cleomenes.

(*q*) Here is a viſible Conjunction of two Days in one, by which our Author may have either intended an Emblem of a Wedding; or to inſinuate, that Men in the Honey-Moon are apt to imagine Time ſhorter than it is. It brings into my Mind a Paſſage in the Comedy call'd the *Coffee-Houſe Politician*;

We will celebrate this Day at my Houſe To-morrow.

Howl

(r) Howl Wolves, grunt Bears, hiss Snakes, shriek all ye Ghosts!

King. What does the Blockhead mean?

Nood. I mean, my Liege

(s) Only to grace my Tale with decent Horror;
Whilst from my Garret, twice two Stories high,
I look'd abroad into the Streets below;
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice Twenty Shoe-Boys, twice two Dozen Links,
Chairmen and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores;
Aloft he bore the grizly Head of *Grizzle*;
When of a sudden thro' the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the usual Size,
And in a Moment —— guess, Oh! guess the rest!
And in a Moment swallow'd up *Tom Thumb*.

King. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out —— hang all the *Culprits*,
Guilty or not —— no matter —— Ravish Virgins,
Go bid the Schoolmasters whip all their Boys;
Let Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World.

Nood. Her Majesty the Queen is in a Swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a Swoon, but I have still Strength to reward the Messenger of ill News.

[*Kills* Noodle.

Nood. Oh! I am slain.

Cle. My Lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

[*Kills the* Queen.

Hunc. My Mamma kill'd! vile Murtherers, beware.

[*Kills* Cleora.

(r) These beautiful Phrases are all to be found in one single Speech of *King Arthur*, or *The British Worthy*,

(s) *I was but teaching him to grace his Tale*
With decent Horror. Cleomenes.

Dood.

Dood. This for an old Grudge, to thy Heart.
[*Kills* Blunderbuſs.

Muſt. And this
I drive to thine, Oh *Doodle!* for a new one.
[*Kills* Doodle.

King. Ha! Murtheress vile, take that [*Kills* Muſt.
(*t*) And take thou this. [*Kills himſelf, and falls.*

(*t*) We may ſay with *Dryden*,

Death did at length ſo many Slain forget,
And left the Tale, and took them by the Great.

I know of no Tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody Cataſtrophe, than *Cleomenes*, where the Curtain covers five principal Characters dead on the Stage. Theſe Lines too,

I ask no Queſtions then, of Who kill'd Who?
The Bodies tell the Story as they lie.

ſeem to have belonged more properly to this Scene of our Author.——Nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too ſeem beholden to this Scene;

We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death,
Julia *goes firſt,* Gonſalvo *hangs on her,*
And Angelina *hangs upon* Gonſalvo,
As I on Angelina.

No Scene, I believe, ever received greater Honours than this. It was applauded by ſeveral *Encores*, a Word very unuſual in Tragedy——And it was very difficult for the Actors to eſcape without a ſecond Slaughter. This I take to be a lively Aſſurance of that fierce Spirit of Liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. *Dryden* in his *Eſſay* on *Dramatick Poetry* hath obſerved——*Whether Cuſtom* (ſays he) *hath ſo inſinuated it ſelf into our Countrymen, or Nature hath ſo formed them to Fierceneſs, I know not, but they will ſcarcely ſuffer Combats, and other Objects of Horror, to be taken from them.*——And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this Martial Diſpoſition: Nor do I believe our Victories over the *French* have been owing to any thing more than to thoſe bloody Spectacles daily exhibited in our Tragedies, of which the *French* Stage is ſo entirely clear.

So when the Child whom Nurſe from Danger guards,
Sends *Jack* for Muſtard with a Pack of Cards;
Kings, Queens and Knaves throw one another down,
'Till the whole Pack lies ſcatter'd and o'erthrown;
So all our Pack upon the Floor is caſt,
And all I boaſt is — that I fall the laſt. [*Dier.*

F I N I S.